

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 12.—VOL. XX.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1808.

NO. 1002.

EDWARD WALWIN.

An American Tale.

Continued.

MARY daily grew better, and a day was appointed for the solemnization of their nuptials, when Mr. Bolton received a letter from the merchant of his acquaintance at New-York, informing him, that unless he repaired to that city immediately, to assert his claim, some property he possessed there would be sold to satisfy the creditors of his tenant, who had become bankrupt. As he could not with satisfaction leave his daughter in her present convalescent state, he requested Edward to be his agent in the business. This commission he received cheerfully, as he was glad of an opportunity of manifesting his gratitude, and the next morning, after taking a tender leave of Mary, set out on horseback, accompanied by William.

Nothing material occurred to our travellers until the second evening, when it began to rain, and increased with such violence, that they were obliged to seek shelter; and seeing light at a distance, they rode to the house from whence it proceeded, and requested admittance. An old man opened the door, and very civilly invited them in. This invitation they gladly accepted, whilst he went to take care of their horses.

Before a blazing fire sat a man, whom Edward soon recognized to be the late inhabitant of the cavern at Norville, and he recollecting Edward, mutual congratulations passed between them; nor did he forget William, but gave him his hand with a hearty good will. The good man of the house now returning, produced some dry clothes, which he invited our travellers should put on. "This they complied with, as they were completely wet. This being done, they all entered into friendly conversation. "I paid a visit lately (said Edward,) to your subterraneous dwelling, but was surprised at finding it in ruins." "Yes, replied he, it fell in; but by good chance I happened to be out of it at the time, and this has occasioned me a temporary return to the habitations of men."

At this instant the Hermit turned pale, and exclaimed in a broken voice, "My God! what do I see!" They were all surprised, and Edward begged to know the occasion of this exclamation, when he continued, "Yes it is the same! tell me how you came by it?" seizing hold of the miniature which Edward wore in his breast. "That miniature, Sir, belonged to my unfortunate mother, who perished in the deep." "Oh! my son!" cried he, and fell backwards on his chair; opening his eyes he exclaimed again, "Yes it is my son! the very picture of my Eliza!" Edward could only utter, "Oh! my father!" They tenderly embraced each other, mingling their tears together, whilst William and the old man preserved a respectful silence. At length the hermit, lifting up his eyes in adoration to heaven, said, "I thank thee, O Father of

Mercies, that thou hast been pleased to bless my latter days by restoring me my son!"—Edward joined his father, though silently, in his devotions.

After a considerable pause, the late Hermit said, "I will no more depart from the society of man, but will pass those days, which Heaven shall give me, with my son."

The father now desired Edward to delay his journey for a few days, and remain with him; but Edward stating to him the obligations he was under to Mr. Bolton, and how prejudicial the least delay would prove to his interest—"Well, then, (replied his father,) since you cannot stay with me, I will go with you; thank heaven I am in health, and am able to perform the journey; Richard, (turning to the old man) you can furnish me with a horse?" Richard replied in the affirmative.

They all now retired to bed, but neither Edward nor his father could compose themselves to sleep; such interesting and unexpected events sufficiently occupied their minds and bid defiance to the attacks of Morpheus; and when day began to peep over the eastern hills, our travellers were ready for their departure.

As they rode slowly on, Edward's father thus resumed the discourse—"I presume, my dear son, it would be acceptable to you to hear something of your family; and as this is a suitable opportunity, I will give you some information respecting it. I am descended from respectable ancestors in England, whose family name is Belmont. At the age of twenty-two, I married your mother, an amiable woman, whose image time will never efface from my memory." He paused—wiped the tears from his cheek, and thus continued his narrative: "Two months after our marriage, my mercantile affairs called me to America, where I remained two years, during which time I proved so successful as to realize a considerable fortune. At the end of this period I returned to England, to bring over my wife, having determined to settle in New-York."

"We embarked in a vessel bound to that port, with you, who was born during my absence. Our time, during the voyage passed very agreeably in caressing the pledge of our mutual affection, and forming plans for his establishment in life—but alas! how vain are human hopes! How uncertain human bliss!—Not far distant from our destined port, a storm arose, and our vessel, torn and tossed by the tempest, began to fill. We fired repeated signals, but they were not answered: the cries of the sailors, and the dread of death, filled me with dismay, and I should have sunk under it, had not my Eliza, with intrepid fortitude, sustained my sinking spirits: "Let us try every expedient, my love," said she, "if they fail, we will meet death with constancy." Annotated by her words, I collected some timber, of which I formed a raft; I placed you and her upon it, but before I could disengage myself from the vessel, a wave carried the raft away. I was now on the brink of despair, to think that I had lost forever, her I held far dearer than life." Here again the

big tear rolled down the narrator's cheek, and he was obliged to stop for a few minutes. Edward's flowed in unison; nor could the sympathizing bosom of the faithful William suffer him to behold unmoved such an affecting scene; they all wept together. At length the father continued: "At this instant another tremendous wave bore away the remaining mast, the vessel separated, and I was plunged into the ocean; I rose, and although I valued not my existence, instinctively caught hold of a mast which floated near me, and it bore me on the surface of the water until the storm subsided. In the morning I was taken up, with several others who were in a similar condition, by a vessel bound for New-York. Among those who were preserved, was a faithful servant, who had accompanied us from England; he is the man who entertained you so kindly last night. We arrived at New-York, where I settled my affairs, and after vowing never again to bear the name of Belmont, resolved to pass my days far from the world. Having, when in America before, visited Vermont, and being charmed with the romantic appearance of the country, I resolved to retire there, for which purpose I caused the subterraneous cave, in which you first discovered me, to be dug. Richard often privately visited me, bringing with him all that was necessary to support life. It was during one of these visits that the accident happened to my cave, and which compelled me to leave it for some time, and return with Richard to his habitation. I have given orders to have another one dug; but since I have found my long lost son, I will relinquish the hermit's life, and return to the world; and as I have discarded my real name, will assume that of my son's. The first moment I saw you, your resemblance to Eliza struck me, tho' I dare not cherish the fond idea; till accident last night, (the happiest perhaps of my life,) discovered to me the miniature at your breast, which put the matter beyond a doubt; and now, how are all my sorrows recompensed in finding my son! how does my fond heart beat with joy in embracing the image of my Eliza!

Here Edward's father concluded his narrative, and requested Edward in return, to gratify his anxious curiosity by a detail of events respecting himself. Edward obeyed, giving him a minute account of every circumstance that had befallen him. When he had finished, his father was warm in the praise of Mr. Bolton's disinterested conduct: "Since, (said he) he gave you his daughter without regarding the mercenary views of fortune, I am determined to bestow all I possess upon you. It would not satisfy an avaricious or profligate man, but it is sufficient to maintain an economical one in affluence." Edward was filled with gratitude for this mark of his father's affection; and both as they rode along, conversed on their adventures, the elder Mr. Walwin, (for so Edward's father will now be termed,) not forgetting to thank William for his services to Edward, which, he added, should not pass unrewarded. "I ask no reward Sir, but your friendship and that of your son."

(Conclusion in our next.)

A BATTLE

Between a Tiger and an Alligator: or wonderful instance of Providential Preservation, described in a letter from the captain of the Davenport Guineaman.

Some time after my arrival at the British factory, Cape Casta, on board the Davenport Guineaman I was sent for by the commodore, who was stationed in the Diana frigate to protect the trade of the place before mentioned, and appointed by him to command a sloop, employed on the service of conveying slaves, teeth, gums, and other merchandise from the company's factories, situated several hundred miles up the river Congo, down to the principal depot at the Cape. The sloop carried six swivels, and was manned with nine negroes, and two north country seamen, named Johnson and Campbell, the former of whom was my mate. After receiving orders, relative to the duty on which I was employed, we proceeded on our voyage, and had navigated nearly fifty leagues up the country, when one morning the breeze died away suddenly, and we were compelled by a strong current running against us, to drop anchor within a quarter of a mile of the shore. In this situation the sloop remained for three days, during which time the circumstances fell out I am about to communicate; circumstances so improbable in themselves, so marvellous, as almost to border upon impossibility, but nevertheless declared by me, as a spectator, to be a most perfect reality. To resume my narrative—the bosom of the deep appeared as it does in these parts, while the calm prevails, extremely tranquil, and the heat, which was intolerable, had made us so languid, that almost a general wish overcame us, on the approach of the evening, to bathe in the waters of Congo; however, myself and Johnson were deterred from this project from the apprehension of sharks, many of which we had observed in the progress of our voyage, and these viciously large. At length, Campbell alone, who had been making too free with his liquor case, was obstinately bent on going overboard—and although we used every means in our power to persuade him to the contrary, dashed into the watery element, and had swam some distance from the vessel, when we on the deck discovered an alligator making towards him from behind a rock that stood a short distance from the shore. His escape I now considered impossible, his destruction inevitable, and I applied to Johnson how we should act, who, like myself, affirmed the impossibility to save him, and instantly seized upon a loaded carbine to shoot the poor fellow before he fell into the jaws of the monster. I did not, however, consent to this but waited with horror the tragedy we anticipated—yet willing to do all in my power, I ordered the boat to be hoisted, and we fired two shot at the approaching alligator—but without effect, for they listed over his scaly covering like hailstones on a tiled penthouse, and the progress of the creature was by no means impeded. The report of the piece & the noise of the balls from the ship's deck, soon made Campbell acquainted with his danger—he saw the creature making for him, and with all the strength and skill he was master of made for the shore. And on the moment's arrived in which a scene was exhibited beyond the power of my humble pen perfectly to describe. On approaching within a very short distance of some caves and shrubs that covered the bank, while closely pursued by the alligator, a fierce and ferocious tiger sprung towards him, at the instant the jaws of his first enemy were extended to devour him. At this awful moment Campbell was preserved. The eager tiger, by overleaping him, entered the gripe of the amphibious monster. A conflict ensued between them—the water was colored with the blood of the tiger, whose efforts to tear the scaly covering of the alligator were unavailing, while the latter had also the advantage of keeping his adversary under water, by which the victory was presently obtained for the tiger's death was now effected. They both sunk to the bottom, and we saw no more of the alligator. Campbell was recovered, and instantly conveyed on board: he spoke not while in the boat, though his danger had perfectly sobered him; but the moment he leaped on the deck, fell upon his knees and returned thanks to the providence who had so protected him, and what is more singular, from that moment to the time I am writing, has never been seen the least intoxicated, nor has been heard to utter a single oath. If ever there was a perfectly reformed being in the universe, Campbell is the man.

DESPAIR.

The anguish of my bursting heart
Till now my tongue has not betrayed;
Despair, at last, reveals that smart
No time can cure, no hope can aid.

My sorrows, drawing towards the grave,
No more shall pain thy gentle breast;
Think death gives comfort to the slave;
Nor mourn for me, when I'm at rest.

But if, at night you chance to stray
Where silent sleeps the peaceful dead,
Give to your kind compassion way,
Nor check the tears love bids you shed.

But when the precious tears shall fall—
I never can know, I never can see.
And if your thoughts should me recall,
Your sighs will rise, unheard by me.

THE SORROWS OF SABINA.

See where poor Sabina strays,
Mark her sad and pensive gaze,
Peace no longer known;
Doom'd misfortune a pang to prove,
Doom'd to pine with hopes as love;
Health and joy are flown.

Once the happiest of the fair,
Ev'ry bliss was hers to share,
Then she blithely sung,
Friends and fortune now are fled,
Her parents mingled with the dead,
The knell of death has rung.

Rest on earth no more she'll find,
Anguish probes her feeling mind,
Joyless is her doom—
But when death shall clasp her form,
Ev'ry joy her soul shall warm,
In realms beyond the tomb!

I'LL CLAIM MY MARY IN THE SKIES.

Farewell, ye envied plains, farewell!
To me no longer are ye dear,
For Mary, whom I lov'd so well,
Afflictions voice no more can hear.

The fateful tomb now holds her form,
And oft I weep over her sad urn;
But soon I'll seek the battle's storm,
For ne'er to me can peace return.

I'll fly where war's destructive roar
Licentious pours its dire alarm—
For life's fleet joys are mine no more,
And earthly bliss has lost its charm.

But ah! when mercy seals my doom!
When from my form the spirit flies!
In realms of peace beyond the tomb,
I'll claim my Mary in the skies!

SONG.

On say from thy bosom why heaves the soft sigh,
Why fades the red bloom of thy cheek,
Why glistens the tear in thy lovely blue eye,
When with thee of parting I speak.

My sweetest Mary!

Constant to all its fond vows, can my heart
Decisive to Mary ever prove?
Or if Fate decrees that from thee I must part,
E'er cease to remember with Love

My sweetest Mary!

Then weep not dear girl if I leave thee behind,
My love shall forever endure;
Though beauty may fade, yet the charms of thy
From falsehood my heart will secure

My sweetest Mary.

Selected for the New York Weekly Museum.

The following account of a horrid and cruel punishment inflicted on a Negro at Surinam is extracted from Captain Stedman's Travels in South America.

This Negro, whose name was Neptune, was a slave, but his own master, and a carpenter by trade; he was young and handsome, but having killed the overseer of the estate Altona, in the Para Creek, in consequence of some dispute, he justly forfeited his life. The particulars, however, are worth relating: This man, having stolen a sheep to entertain a favourite young woman, the overseer, who burnt with jealousy, had determined to see him hanged, to prevent which, the negro shot him dead among the sugar canes; for these offences, of course, he was sentenced to be broken alive upon the rack without the benefit of the coup de grace, or mercy stroke. Informed of the dreadful sentence, he composedly laid himself down on his back on a strong cross, on which, with arms and legs expanded, he was fastened by ropes the executioner, also a black man, having now with a hatchet chopped off his left hand, next took a heavy iron bar, with which, by repeated blows, he broke his bones to shivers, till the marrow, blood, and splinters flew about the field—but the prisoner never uttered a groan nor a sigh. The ropes being next unloosed, I imagined him dead, and felt happy—till the Magistrate's stirring to depart, he writhed himself from the cross, when he fell on the grass, and damned them all for a set of barbarous rascals: at the same time, removing his right hand by the help of his teeth, he reared his head on part of the timber, and asked the bystanders for a pipe of tobacco, which was instantly answered by kicking and spitting on him, till I, with some American seamen, thought proper to prevent it. He then begged that his head might be chopped off, but to no purpose. At last, seeing no end to his misery, he declared, that though he had deserved death, he had not expected to die so many deaths. However, said he, you Christians have missed your aim at last, and I now care not were I to remain thus one month longer. After which he sung two extempore songs, with a clear voice, the subjects of which were to bid adieu to his living friends, and to acquaint his deceased relations, that in a very little time he should be with them, to enjoy their company forever in a better place. This done, he calmly entered into conversation with some gentlemen concerning his trial, relating every particular with uncommon tranquillity. But, (said he abruptly) by the sun it must be eight o'clock, and by any longer discourse, I should be sorry to be the occasion of your losing your breakfast. Then, casting his eyes on a Jew, whose name was De Vries, A propos, Sir, said he, would you please to pay me the ten shillings you owe me? For what to do? To buy meat and drink, to be sure, don't you perceive I am to be kept alive? which speech, seeing the Jew stare like a fool, this mangled wretch accompanied with a loud laugh. Next observing a soldier who stood centinel over him biting occasionally on a piece of dry bread, he asked him, how it came to pass that he, a white man, should have no meat to eat along with it? Because I am not so rich, answered the soldier. Then I will make you a present, Sir, said the negro, first pick my hand, which was chopped off, clean to the bones—next begin to devour my body, till you are gusted, when you will have both bread and meat as best becomes you—which piece of humour was followed by a second laugh, and thus he continued till I left him, which was about three hours after the dreadful execution.

I must now relate an incident which, as it had a momentary effect on my imagination, might have had a lasting one on some who had not investigated the real cause of it, and which it gave me no small satisfaction to discover. About three o'clock in the afternoon, walking towards the place of execution, with my thoughts full of the affecting scene, and the image of the sufferer fresh in my mind, the first object which I saw was his head, at some distance, placed on a stake, nodding to me backward and forwards, as if it had really been alive. I instantly stopped short, and seeing, no person in the Savanna, nor a breath of wind sufficient to move a leaf or a feather, I acknowledged that I was rivetted to the spot where I stood, without having the resolution of advancing one step, for some

...ill reflecting that I must be weak indeed not approach this dead skull, and find out the wonderful phenomenon if possible, I boldly walked up, and instantly discovered the natural cause by the turn of a vulture to the gallows, who perched on it as if he meant to dispute with me for this seat of carrion; which bird, having already picked out one of his eyes, had fled at my first approach, and striking the skull with its talons as it took its sudden flight, occasioned the motion already described. I shall now only add, that this poor fellow, after living near six hours, had been choked on the head by the commissioner's agent, the marks of whose musket were perfectly visible by a large open fracture on the skull.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 30, 1808.

Those of our subscribers who intend removing the ensuing month are requested to send the proper directions to this office.

The election for Representatives in Congress, and members of Assembly, terminated on evening in the different wards, after a contest between the two great parties animated and vigorous almost beyond example. The votes had not been canvassed when our paper was put to press, and we cannot speak accurately as to the result; but from the calculations of those who are the habit of judging pretty correctly in these occasions the Republican Ticket has succeeded by a large majority. Mr. Adv.

On Monday afternoon, a pleasure boat was set in the north river by a sudden flow of wind, and those who were in her unfortunately drowned.

About the same time another pleasure-boat was upset in the narrows. Fortunately the vessel's pilot boat was passing at the time, and the people was taken from the boat's bottom.

The practice of letting boats to the ignorant, without one or more to manage them, is highly criminal, and ought to be prevented by the police.

On the 26th of March, Anna, daughter of Mr. Jacob Cobb, of Randolph, arose in bed in the morning, apparently well, and looked to the fire, and while standing by the same, she fainted and fell forward upon the fire, over which was hanging a kettle of oil. In falling, she is supposed to have picked up the kettle by cleaving it with her hand, which brought nearly half of its contents upon her body; whilst she lay almost immersed in flames and not as yet, she lived the accident till Thursday after, and died in the 17th year of her age. Randolph pap.

On Tuesday night last, a citizen of Columbia county, of the name of Patrick Bryson, lay sleeping on the stoop of a neighbor's house; he was shot dead by some person unknown. On suspicion his wife, daughter and two sons have been arrested and lodged in Columbia goal. Augusta Chron.

We hear that a bill is to be brought into house of assembly, for empowering the proper officers to compel any candidate, suspected of Jonathanism, previous to the opening of the poll on the hustings, in the presence

of the voters, to eat a pound of fat pork, as a test of his christianity. Quebec Gaz.

On Wednesday morning, between 3 and 4 o'clock, the Court house and Jail, at Elizabeth Town, N. J. were laid in ashes. It is supposed they were set on fire by one Andrew Ross, confined as a lunatic, who perished in the flames.

A shallop, going from Philadelphia to Lumber on, was upset on Friday last, and a son of Joshua Allen, of Philadelphia, was drowned.

A very large Raven alighted on board the American ship Edward, lately arrived at Greenock from Savannah, when 900 miles from land. The captain had its wings clipped, keeps it as a curiosity, and it feeds with the fowls.

For sale at this office. THE COMPLETE CONFECTIONER,

OR,
THE WHOLE ART OF
CONFECTIONERY
MADE EASY:

containing, among a variety of useful matter,
the art of making the various kind of

Bi-cuits	Fruits preserved in Bran-
Drops	dy, (wet)
Prawlongs	Preserved Sweetmeats
Ice Creams	Dried Fruits
Water Ices	Cordials, &c &c.

As also the most approved method of making
CHEESES, PUDDINGS, CAKES, &
IN 250 CHEAP AND FASHIONABLE RECIPES
The result of many years experience with the cele-
brated Neri and Witten.
Price 50 Cents.

JEWELRY,

At No 200 Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from the Park to No 200 Broadway, where he solicits a continuance of their custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and his attention to his business will fully meet with their approbation.

He has constantly for sale a large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold earrings, breast pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl, plain and enamel, and of every fashion, hair work, necklaces, and gold do. bracelets, clasps, chains, watch chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver tea sets, table and tea spoons, sugar tongs, plain and ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are too numerous to mention; he will sell at the low price, and will warrant the gold and silver work which are of his own manufactory to be equal to any.

PEARL AND TORTOISE SHELL
S GAR & SNUFF BOXES.

Just received and for sale at
C. HARRISON'S Book store,
3 Peck slip.

JUST PUBLISHED

and for sale by C. Harrison 3 Peck slip.

THE LAY OF AN IRISH HARP,

OR,

METRICAL FRAGMENTS,

BY MISS OWENSON.

Just published, and for sale by

C. HARRISON, No 3 Peck-slip.

A BEAUTIFUL EDITION OF

THE WILD IRISH GIRL;

A National Tale,

BY MISS OWENSON.

COURT OF COMMONS

In Hymen's band.

The happy lovers joined, unite their hands —
Their hearts long since in soft affection bound,

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening 16th inst by the Rev Mr. Peck, Mr Josiah Wood to Miss Mary Jones, all of this city.

On the 20th inst by the Rev Dr Beach, Captain Jonathan Eldridge to Miss Maria W Church, all of this city.

At Germantown, on the 20th inst by the Rev Mr. Mr Graff, Captain J Reynolds to Miss H Owen, both of this city.

At Flushing, Long Island, on the 25th inst by the Rev Mr Clark, Wm Powell of White Stone to Miss Harriet Valentine, of the former place.

MORALITY.

THE path of life tho' flowers adorn,
Yet often will the rugged thorn,
Amidst the flowers arise;
Expect not then on earth to share,
Enjoyment unalloyed by care,
But seek it in the skies.

DIED,

In the 70th year of his age, Mr Richard Roseman.

On Thursday morning, after a short illness, Restore Estlack, Author of Ethick Diversions, late of Woodstown, New Jersey.

Of a consumption at Southampton, L. I. on the 15th inst in the 24th year of his age, Pannous Howell, formerly Miniature Painter of his city.

At St. Georges, Bermuda, in March last, M. Stephen Sands late of this city. Mr. Sands went to Bermuda, for the benefit of his health.

Last month at Paris, M Peignard, the celebrated banker.

Lately at Feckling, in Carmarthenshire, Wales, a Welch farmer, who was 105 years of age, and had been three times married—by his first wife he had children, by his second ten, by his third 4 and by two concubines 7—his youngest son was 81 years younger than the oldest, and 800 persons descended from his body, attended the funeral.

SCHOOL.

THE subscriber returns his thanks to his employers for their encouragements to him in the line of his business, and informs them and the public in general, that he has engaged the place he now occupies, no 440 Greenwich street, near Mr Lusk nrl's brewery, and will continue to teach there the ensuing year; which place, for situation, convenience, and salubrity of air, none exceeds it. The subscriber for the first of May next, open a Morning School for the purpose of teaching punctuation, Composition and the art of Penmanship upon the new Systemised plan; at the teaching of which art he professes that none can exceed him. And from his unremitting assiduity in teaching and reciprocally discharging his duty towards his pupils, in correcting their errors and mistakes in them, (induced by other teachers) the advancements in knowledge, &c is encouraged to hope for a reasonable share of public patronage, and as such that no exertions will be wanting on his part to implant in the minds of his pupils, knowledge, which may have a tendency to fit them for future usefulness.

W. D. LAZARUS.

NB The subscriber writes deeds, mortgages, wills, indentures, leases, bonds, notes, &c on reasonable terms. April 30 1808—11

WANTED,

An apprentice from 12 to 14 years old to the Tallowing business. Apply corner of Pine and Front-street. T SEAMEN. April 23 1808—11

EMBROIDERING CHINELLES, ELEGANTLY ASSORTED SHADES, for sale at No. 104 Maiden lane.

COURT OF APOLLO.

EPITAPH.

On a Monument lately erected in Horsley Down Church, in Cumberland, England.

Here lie the bodies of
Thomas Bond and Mary his wife.
She was temperate, chaste, and charitable,
BUT
She was proud, peevish, and passionate.
She was an affectionate wife, and a tender mother,
BUT
Her husband and child, whom she loved,
Seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown,
Whilst she received visitors, whom she despised
with an endearing smile
Her behaviour was discreet towards strangers,
BUT
In prudent in her family.
Abroad her conduct was influenced by good breeding,
BUT
At home, by ill temper.
She was a professed enemy to flattery,
And was seldom known to praise or commend;
BUT
The talents in which she principally excelled,
Were difference of opinion, and discovering flaws and imperfections.
She was an admirable economist,
And without prodigality
Dispensed plenty to every person in her family;
BUT
Would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle.
She sometimes made her husband happy by her good qualities;
BUT
Much more frequently miserable—with her many failings,
Inasmuch that in thirty years' cohabitation he often lamented
That, mangle all her virtues,
He had not, in the whole, enjoyed two years of matrimonial comfort.
AT LENGTH
Finding that she had lost the affections of her husband
As well as the regard of her neighbours,
Family disputes having been divvied by servants,
She died of vexation: July 20 1768,
Aged 48 years
Her worn out husband survived her but four months and two days.
And departed this life: Nov. 28 1768,
Aged 54 years.
William Bond, brother to the deceased, erected this stone,
As a Weekly Monitor to the surviving wives of this parish,
That they may avoid the infamy
Of having their memories handed to posterity
With a patch-work character.

—00—

The following is one of the best English epitaphs we have ever seen upon an insignificant fellow.

Poor John Gray, below he lies!
Nobody laughs, and nobody cries—
Where he's gone, and how he fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.

The Generous Creditor,

A SON NET.

"I owe you a drubbing," cries Frank in a pet—
"Never mind it, (says Tim) I forgive you the debt."

A London paper mentions, that the Barbers have, by raising the price of shaving an additional half-penny, caused a great deal of blood-shed, as several of their customers have attempted to shave themselves.

THE MORALIST.

THE OBSTINATE MAN

Does not hold his opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possessed with an error, 'tis like the devil, not to be cast out but without great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning man, he never loses, though it do but help to sink him the sooner. His ignorance is abrupt and inaccessible, impregnable both by art and nature, and will hold out to the last, though it has nothing but rubbish to defend. It is as dark as pitch, and sticks as fast to any thing it lays hold on. His scull is so thick, that it is proof against any reason, and never cracks but on the wrong side just opposite to that against which the impression is made, which surgeons say does happen very frequently. The slighter and more inconsistent his opinions are, the faster he holds them, otherwise they would fall asunder of themselves; for up on ones that are false ought to be held with more strictness and assurance than those that are true, otherwise they will be apt to betray their owners, before they are aware. If he takes to religion, he has faith enough to save an hundred wiser men than himself if it were right—but it is too much to be good—and though he deny supererogation, and utterly disclaim any overplus of merits, yet he allows superabundant belief; and if the violence of faith will carry the kingdom of Heaven, he stands fair for it. He delights in things indifferent, no matter how frivolous the are, they are weighty enough in proportion to his weak judgment. His opinions are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast though they have no root. His understanding is hardened like Pharaoh's heart, and is proof against all sorts of judgments whatsoever.

BOARDING SCHOOL.

Mrs. Hearn, respectfully informs her friends and the public in general that she intends continuing her Seminary, in the commodious and healthy situation she at present occupies No. 201 Bowery-Lane, where she purposes to instruct Youth in the following branches of Education, viz Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Embroidery, and the various branches of Needlework. Parents and others, who may please to intrust her with the care of their children, may rest assured that the utmost assiduity and strictest attention will be paid to the morals, manners, and improvement of such as may be committed to her care
New York, April 16th, 1808 1000—1f

CISTERNS.

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted tight, by C ALFORD.
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

FRESH TEAS.

MRS. TODD No. 92 Liberty street, has just received by the late arrivals from India, a excellent assortment of fresh Teas of a very superior quality. Imperial, Hyson, Young Hyson, Hyson Skin, Souchong, &c.

ALSO,
Best loaf and lump Sugar, Coffee and Spices.
NB Families supplied with the above articles on moderate terms

JUST PUBLISHED and for sale at this Office, THE DISCARDED SON OF THE

HAUNTS OF THE BANDITTI,
by Maria Regina Roche

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this Office.

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS

FOR SALE BY
N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER
FROM LONDON,
At the Sign of the Golden Rose,
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies ornamented Combs of the newest fashion—also Ladies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds



SHELL
COMBS

Smith's purified Chymical Cometic Wash Ball far superior to any other for softening beautifying and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass
Odours of Roses for smelling bottles

Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples redness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving with printed directions. 3s. 4s. 8s. and 12s. bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey 4s and 8s per pot Smith's Tooth Paste warranted Violet double scented Rose 2s 6d

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste for washing the skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per pot, do paste

Smith's Cymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable of Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes 1s 6d. Almost powder for the skin 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving 4s and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 2s per box

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books
Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton Garters

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold

* * The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

Great allowance to those who buy to sell again
January 1, 1808

TEETH.

Natural and Artificial Teeth replaced on improved plans, in the very best manner, at moderate prices by J Greenwood, Artist in the Line Dental, No. 14 Vesey street opposite St Paul's Church-yard

JUST RECEIVED,

And for sale at this Office,
DR. ANDERSON'S SCOTS PILLS.

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISSON,

NO. 3 PEK-SLIP.

At One Dollar and Fifty cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE

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